

Binder 16
Folder 40

AAFB Guam M.I. [Andersen Air Force Base
Guam, Marianas Islands]

AFM GO-2

Note says "Supersedes all Previous Issues"

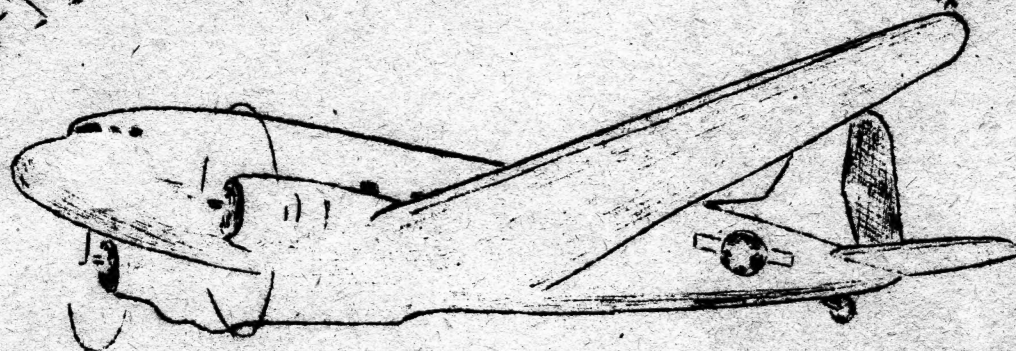
Folded songbook, 40 pages, may be an original [This is an original!]

→ [AFM stands for "Air Force Manual"
"GO-2" is a revision number
this songbook is a parody of the
AFM as all AFMs say on the cover
"Supersedes all Previous Issues"
Pages out of order, some blank
some songs missing]

40

*AFM 60-2

AAB GUAM A.I.



SUPERSEDES ALL PREVIOUS ISSUES

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PART I

FOR THOSE JUST SLIGHTLY
DRUNK



BIRMINGHAM JAIL

Down in the Valley, The Valley so low
Late in the evening, hear that train blow
Hear that train blow, hear that train blow
The roses love serenading, violets love dew
Angels of heaven know I love you
If you don't love me love whom you please
But put your arms round me
Set my heart at ease
Send me a letter, send it by mail
Send it in care of the Birmingham jail
The Birmingham jail, love, Birmingham jail
Send it in care of the Birmingham jail.

PRISONERS SONG

Oh I wish I had someone to love me
Someone to call me their own
Oh I wish I had someone to live with
For I'm tired of living alone
As I lay on my cold prison bed
With my head on a pillow of stone
And these cold prison bars all around me
Never again will I roam.

If I had the wings of an Angel
Over these prison walls I would fly
I would fly to the arms of my Darling
And there I'd remain till I die.

Oh I'd have a grand ship on the ocean
All mounted with silver and gold
And before my poor Darling would suffer
That ship would be anchored and sold.

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Late in the evening, hear that train blow
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Oh I'd have a grand ship on the ocean
All mounted with silver and gold
And before my poor Darling would suffer
That ship would be anchored and sold.

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

When you wore a tulip
A big, yellow tulip
And I wore a big red rose
When you carressed me
'Twas then Heaven blessed me
What a blessing no one knows
You made life cheery
When you called me dearie
'Twas down where the blue grass grows
Your lips were sweeter than julip
When you wore a tulip
And I wore a big, red rose.

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY

On top of Old Smokey, All covered with snow
I lost my true lover, For courtin' too slow
For courtin's a pleasure, But parting is grief
And a false hearted lover, Is worse than a thief
For a thief will just rob you, and take what you have
But a false hearted lover, will lead you to the grave
And the grave will decay you, and turn you to dust
Not one man in a hundred, A poor girl can trust
They'll hug you and kiss you, And tell you more lies
Than cross ties on a railroad, Or stars in the skies
So come all you young maidens, And listen to me
Never trust your affections, 'Neath a green willow tree
For the leaves will wither, And the roots they will die
And you'll all be forsaken, And never know why.

SO LONG

I've sung this song and I'll sing it again
Of the things I've done and the places I
Some of the things that have bothered my
And a lot of good wingmen that I've left

CHORUS: Singing so long, it's been good
So long, it's been good to know
So long, it's been good to know
What a long time since I've been
And I've got to be driftin' alone

This story begins when we gathered to begin
We listened to the word of our baldheaded
He says "Listen here men and I'll give you
About what is the way with the F-84."

(CHORUS)

We turned on the runway and started to run
I gave her the throttle and poured on the
The JATO was heavy, my God it was thick
So I went on the gauges and yanked at the

(CHORUS)

We flew up to Antung and dodged all the
I called my leader "Oh, please take me home
I'm tired of flying these big iron birds
But instead of turning he uttered these

(CHORUS)

I called my leader "I'm low on fuel
If you turn around quick I can get back
Just then he shouted, "There's MIGs on the
So we'll break to the left and we'll get

(CHORUS)

Well, I broke to the left and I felt a
A whistling golf ball had cut my main spar
My canopy jammed and my engine flamed out
and over the radio I started to shout:

Buddies, So long, it's been good to know
So long, it's been good to know you
So long, it's been good to know you
But there's not much that I can say

WORE A TULIP

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low tulip
a big red rose
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SO LONG

I've sung this song and I'll sing it again
Of the things I've done and the places I've been
Some of the things that have bothered my mind
And a lot of good wingmen that I've left behind.

CHORUS: Singing so long, it's been good to know you
So long, it's been good to know you
So long, it's been good to know you
What a long time since I've been home
And I've got to be driftin' along.

This story begins when we gathered to brief
We listened to the word of our baldheaded chief
He says "Listen here men and I'll give you the score
About what is the way with the F-84."

(CHORUS)

We turned on the runway and started to roll
I gave her the throttle and poured on the coal
The JATO was heavy, my God it was thick
So I went on the gauges and yanked at the stick.

(CHORUS)

We flew up to Antung and dodged all the flak
I called my leader "Oh, please take me back
I'm tired of flying these big iron birds"
But instead of turning he uttered these words:

(CHORUS)

I called my leader "I'm low on fuel
If you turn around quick I can get back to Seoul"
Just then he shouted, "There's MIGs on the lead
So we'll break to the left and we'll get up some speed."

(CHORUS)

Well, I broke to the left and I felt a great jar
A whistling golf ball had cut my main spar
My canopy jammed and my engine flamed out
and over the radio I started to shout:

Buddies, So long, it's been good to know you
So long, it's been good to know you
So long, it's been good to know you
But there's not much that I can say

I HEADED DOWN THE RUNWAY

I headed down the runway
I headed for a ditch
I looked down at the quadrant
Ye gods I'm in low pitch
I pulled back on the stick
I rose into the air
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
How did I get there

(CHORUS)

O, Hallelujah - O, Hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save another pilots life
O, Hallelujah - O, Hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved.

I went into a loop
I thought that I was clear
I came up under Sublett
I thought the end was near
They sent me to the Board
And they gave me the works
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
What a bunch of jerks

(CHORUS)

I started my traffic pattern
To me it looked all right
I made my final turn
Ye Gods I racked it tight
The engines coughed and sputtered
And then begin to wheeze
Mayday, Mayday, Major Runyan

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38
With props that counter rotate
She'll snap loop and spin
But she'll soon auger in
Don't give me a P-38.
Chorus: Just give me operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
I am too young to die
I just wanta go home

Don't give me a P-43
She scares the hell out of me
She'll nose up you see
And come down right on me
Don't give me a P-43.

(Chorus)

✓ Don't give me a C-47
She's a one-way ticket to heaven
When she spins to the deck
I'll be found in the wreck
Don't give me a C-47.

(Chorus)

✓ Don't give me a P-51
She goes when you give her the gun
She's known for her turn
But she also will burn
Don't give me a P-51.

(Chorus)

✓ Don't give me an F-86
She's gone before you get fixed
She smokes and she blows
She also digs holes
Don't give me an F-86.

(Chorus)

ED DOWN THE RUNWAY

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ed for a ditch
ed down at the quadrant
I'm in low pitch
d back on the stick
into the air
Glory, Hallelujah
I get there

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She'll nose up you see
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(Chorus)

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(Chorus)

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She goes when you give her the gun
She's known for her turn
But she also will burn
Don't give me a P-51.
(Chorus)

✓ Don't give me an F-86
She's gone before you get fixed
She smokes and she blows
She also digs holes
Don't give me an F-86.
(Chorus)

I HAD A DREAM

I had a dream, dear
You had one too
Mine was the best dream
Because it was of you
Come sweetheart, tell me
Now is the time
You tell me your dream
And I'll tell you mine.

MY MERRY OLDSMOBILE

Won't you come with me Lucille
In my merry Oldsmobile
Down the road of life we'll fly -
Automobiling you and I
To the church we'll swiftly steal
And the wedding bells will peal
You can go as far as you like with me
In my merry Oldsmobile

MY GAL SAL

They call her frivolous Sal
A peculiar sort of a gal
With a heart that was mellow
An all around good fellow
Was my gal Sal.
Your sorrows, troubles and cares
She was always willing to share
A wild sort of devil, but dead on the level
Was my gal Sal.

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

Shine on, shine on Harvest Moon
Up in the sky,
I ain't had no loving since
January, February, June or July.
Snow time ain't no time to stay
Outside and spoon,
So shine on, shine on harvest Moon
For me and my gal.

ON MOONLIGHT BAY

We were sailing along, on Moonlight Bay
You could hear the darkies singing,
They seemed to say,
You have stolen my heart,
Now don't go away
As they sang love's sweet song
On Moonlight Bay.

SMILES

There are smiles that make us happy
There are smiles that make us blue
There are smiles that steal away the
As the sunbeams steal away the dew.
There are smiles that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of love alone can see
And the smiles that fill my life with
Are the smiles that you gave to me.

A DREAM

dream, dear
one too
the best dream
it was of you
etheart, tell me
he time
me your dream
tell you mine.

RY OLDSMOBILE

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Now don't go away
As they san love's sweet song
On Moonlight Bay.

SMILES

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There are smiles that make us blue
There are smiles that steal away the tear drops
As the sunbeams steal away the dew.
The are smiles that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of love alone can see
And the smiles that fill my life with sunshine
Are the smiles that you gave to me.

FOR ME AND MY GIRL

The bells are ringing
For me and my gal
The birds are singing
For me and my gal
Everybody's been knowing
To a wedding they're going
And for weeks they've been sewing
Every Susie and Sal
They're congregating
For me and my gal
And someday we're going to build
A little home for two, or three or four, or more
In loveland, for me and my gal.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish Rose
The sweetest flower that grows
You may search everywhere
But none can compare
With my wild Irish Rose.
My wild Irish Rose
The dearest flower that grows
And some day for my sake
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY

With someone like you, A pal good and true
I'd like to leave it all behind, and go and find
Some place that's known, To God alone
Just a spot to call our own, We'll find perfect peace
Where joys never cease, Out there beneath the kindly sky
We'll build a sweet little nest, Somewhere in the west
And let the rest of the world go by

AND MY GIRL

Bells are ringing
and my gal
Birds are singing
and my gal
Nobody's been knowing
Wedding they're going
For weeks they've been sewing
Susie and Sal
Are congregating
and my gal
Someday we're going to build
A little home for two, or three or four, or more
In Ireland, for me and my gal.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish Rose
Sweetest flower that grows
I may search everywhere
None can compare
My wild Irish Rose.
My wild Irish Rose
Dearest flower that grows
Some day for my sake
May let me take
A bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY

Let someone like you, A pal good and true
Like to leave it all behind, and go and find
A place that's known, To God alone
A spot to call our own, We'll find perfect peace
Our joys never cease, Out there beneath the kindly sky
We'll build a sweet little nest, Somewhere in the west
Let the rest of the world go by

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny
There's where the cotton
And the corn and Tators grow,
There's where the birds warble
Sweet in the Springtime.
There's where the old darkey's
Heart does long to go.
There's where I labored
So hard for old Massa, day after day
In the fields of yellow corn.
No place on earth
Do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny,
The place where I was born.

THERE'S A LONG LONG TRAIL

There's allong long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams
Where the ninghtingales are singing
And a white moon beams.

There's a long long night of waining
Until my dreams all come true
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

DAISY

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you
It won't be a stylish marriage
I can't afford a carriage
But you'll look sweet
Upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two.

David, David, here is your answer true
You are crazy if you think that I love you
If you can't afford a carriage
There won't be any marriage
For I'll be damned
If I'll be crammed
On a bicycle built for two.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you sweetheart
I'm in love with you
Let me hear you whisper
That you love me too.
Keep the lovelight burning
In your eyes so blue
Let me call you sweetheart
I'm in love with you.

BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Back to old Virginny
Where the cotton
Grown and Tators grow,
Where the birds warble
In the Springtime.
Where the old darkey's
Long to go.
Where I labored
For old Massa, day after day
Fields of yellow corn.
In earth
More sincerely
Virginny,
Where I was born.

A LONG LONG TRAIL

Long long trail a-winding
And of my dreams
Nightingales are singing
The moon beams.

Long long night of wailing
Dreams all come true
Say when I'll be going down
Long trail with you.

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But you'll look sweet
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If you can't afford a carriage
There won't be any marriage
For I'll be damned
If I'll be cramped
On a bicycle built for two.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you sweetheart
I'm in love with you
Let me hear you whisper
That you love me too.
Keep the lovelight burning
In your eyes so blue
Let me call you sweetheart
I'm in love with you.

He was screaming down the runway
Doing ninety miles an hour
When his turbine broke into a scream
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
And his mixture in auto-lean

WHIFFENPOOF SONG

From the tables down at Maury's
To the place where Louie dwells
To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well
See the wiffin-poofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing cast a spell
Yes, the magic of their singing
Of the songs we love so well
Shall a wasting and La Borning, and the rest
We will serenade our Louie
While life and breath shall last
Ten we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest
We are poor little lambs
Who have lost our way
Ba, Baa, Baa
We are little black sheep
Who have gone astray
Baa, Baa, Baa
Gentleman; sogsters, off on a spree
Damned from here to eternity
God, have mercy on such as we
Baa, Baa, Baa

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come and join the Air Force, it's fine for
You never do a lick of work, just fly around
While others work and study hard, and soon
We'll take the air without a care, and you'll

CHORUS: You'll never mind, you'll never mind
Oh, come on and join the Air Force
And you'll never mind.

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an
But just when you're about to be a general you
The engine coughs, the wings fall off and you

(CHORUS)

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your
You see your prop come to a stop, the God damn
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the ship
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you

(CHORUS)

Oh, you take her up and spin her, and with an
You find yourself without your wings but you
For in about two minutes, another pair you'll
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet and

(CHORUS)

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and
About the groundlings, point of view and all
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we'll

(CHORUS)

They packed us up and sent us they said we'd
They sent us out to Andersen to fight the God
And if I find the character who did this deed
He'll find himself way down in hell and he will

(CHORUS)

g down the runway
les and hour
e broke into a scream
the wreck with his hand on the throttle
in auto-lean

OF SONG

down at Maury's
re Louie dwells
Temple Bar we love so well
oofs assembled
es raised on high
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f their singing
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our Louie
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nd be forgotten with the rset
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t our way

e black sheep
e astray
a
ogsters, off on a spree
here to eternity
on such as we
a

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come and join the Air Force, it's fine for so they say
You never do a lick of work, just fly around all day
While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind
we'll take the air without a care, and you'll never mind.

CHORUS: You'll never mind, you'll never mind

Oh, come on and join the Air Force
And you'll never mind.

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flier
But just when you're about to be a general you'll find
The engine coughs, the wings fall off and you'll never mind.

(CHORUS)

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine spit
You see your prop come to a stop, the God damn engine's quit
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you'll never mind.

(CHORUS)

Oh, you take her up and spin her, and with an awful tear,
You find yourself without your wings but you will never care
For in about two minutes, another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet and you'll never mind.

(CHORUS)

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a rap
About the groundlings, point of view and all that sort of crap
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we'll never mind.

(CHORUS)

They packed us up and sent us they said we'd travel far
They sent us out to Andersen to fight the God damn war
And if I find the character who did this deed unkind
He'll find himself way down in hell and he will never mind.

(CHORUS)

CALIFORNIA HERE I COME

California, here I come
Right back where I started from,
Where bowers of flowers bloom in the spring
Each morning, at dawning,
Birdies sing and everything:
A sun kist miss says don't be late,
That's why I can hardly wait,
So open up your Golden Gate,
California, here I come

I WANT A BEER

I want a beer,
Just like the beer,
That pickled dear old Dad.
It was a beer,
And the only beer,
That Daddy ever had.
A good old-fashioned beer
With lots of foam,
It took ten men
To carry Daddy home
I want a beer
Just like the beer
That pickled dear old Dad.

HERE I COME

I come
I started from,
flowers bloom in the spring
at dawning,
I everything:
says don't be late,
I hardly wait,
Golden Gate,
I come

BEER

beer,
my old Dad.

er,
had.
I loved beer
am,

home

beer
my old Dad.

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream,
Where-I first met you
With your eyes of blue,
Dressed in gingham, too.
It was ther I knew
That you loved me too.
You were sixteen, my village queen
Toun by the old mill stream.

PENNSYLVANIA POLKA

Strike up the music, the band has begun
The Pennsylvania Polka -
Pick out your partner and join in the fun
The Pennsylvania Polka
It started in Scrantom, It's now number one
It's bound to entertain ya
Everybody has a mania, to do the Polka from Pennsylvania
While they're dancing, everybody's
Cares are quickly gone
Sweet romancing, this goes on and on
Until the dawn
They're so carefree, Gay with laughter
Happy as can be, They stop to have a beer
Then the crowd begins to cheer
They kiss and then they start to dance again.

MY BLUE HEAVEN

When whip-poor-wills call and evening is
I hurry to my blue heaven,
A turn to the right, a little white light
Will lead you to my blue heaven
You'll see a smiling face, a fire place,
A little nest that nestles where the roses
Just Mollie and me, and baby makes three
We're happy in my blue heaven.

SWEET SUE

Ev'ry star above knows the one I love
Sweet Sue, just you
And the moon up high knows the reasy why
Sweet Sue, it's you
No one else it seems, ever shares my dream
And without you, dear, I don't know what
In this heart of mine
You live all the time
Sweet Sue, just you.

SHANTY TOWN

It's only a shanty in old shanty town
The roof is so slanty
It touches the ground
Just a tumbled down shack
By an old railroad track
Like a millionaire's mansion
Keeps calling me back
I'd give up a palace
It's my everything
There's a queen waiting there
With silvery hair
In a shanty in old shanty town.

OWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

old mill stream,
t met you
es of blue,
ingham, too.
I knew
ed me too.
teen, my village queen
old mill stream.

PENNSYLVANIA POLKA

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MY BLUE HEAVEN

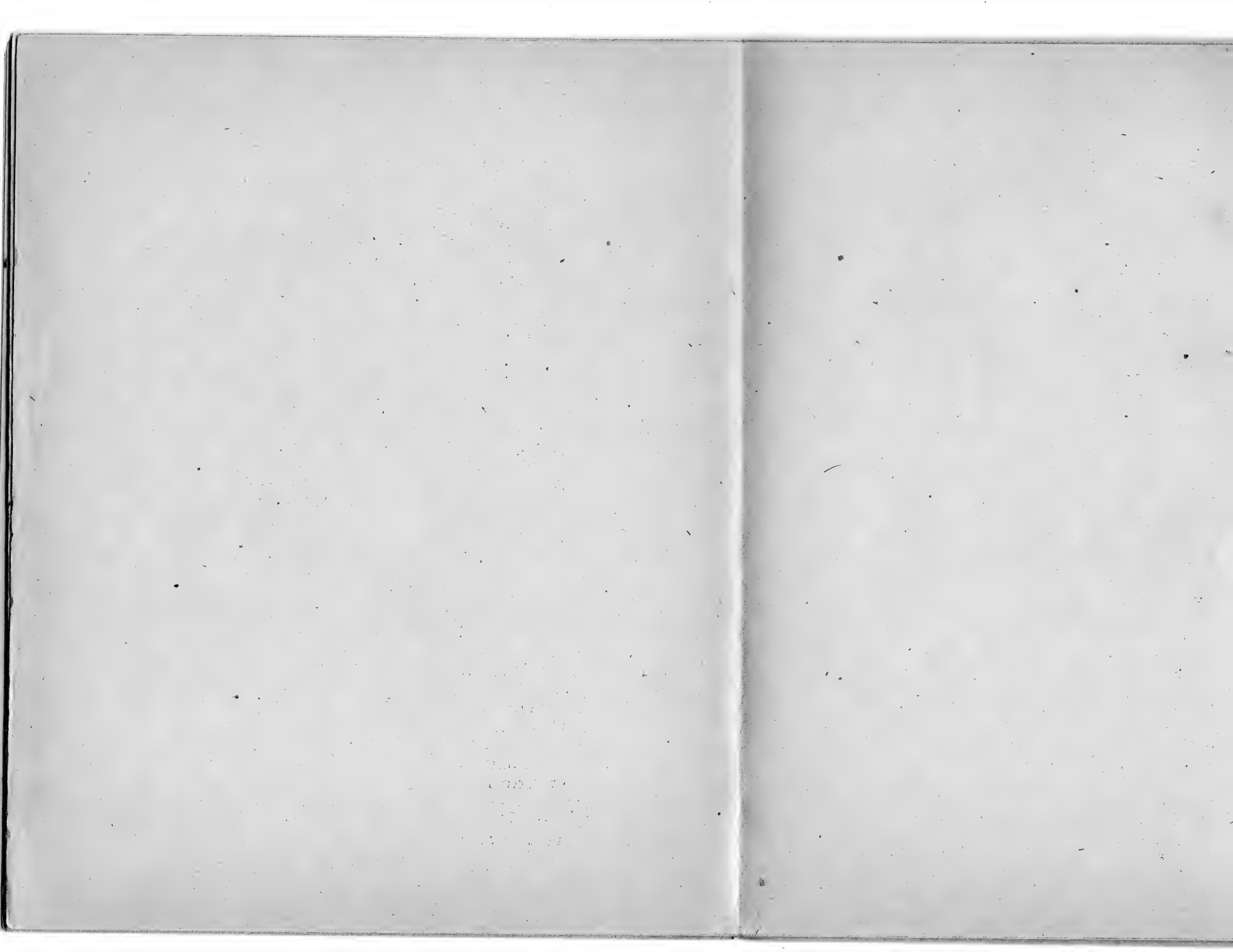
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A turn to the right, a little white light
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You'll see a smiling face, a fire place, a cozy room,
A little nest that nestles where the roses bloom
Just Mollie and me, and baby makes three,
We're happy in my blue heaven.

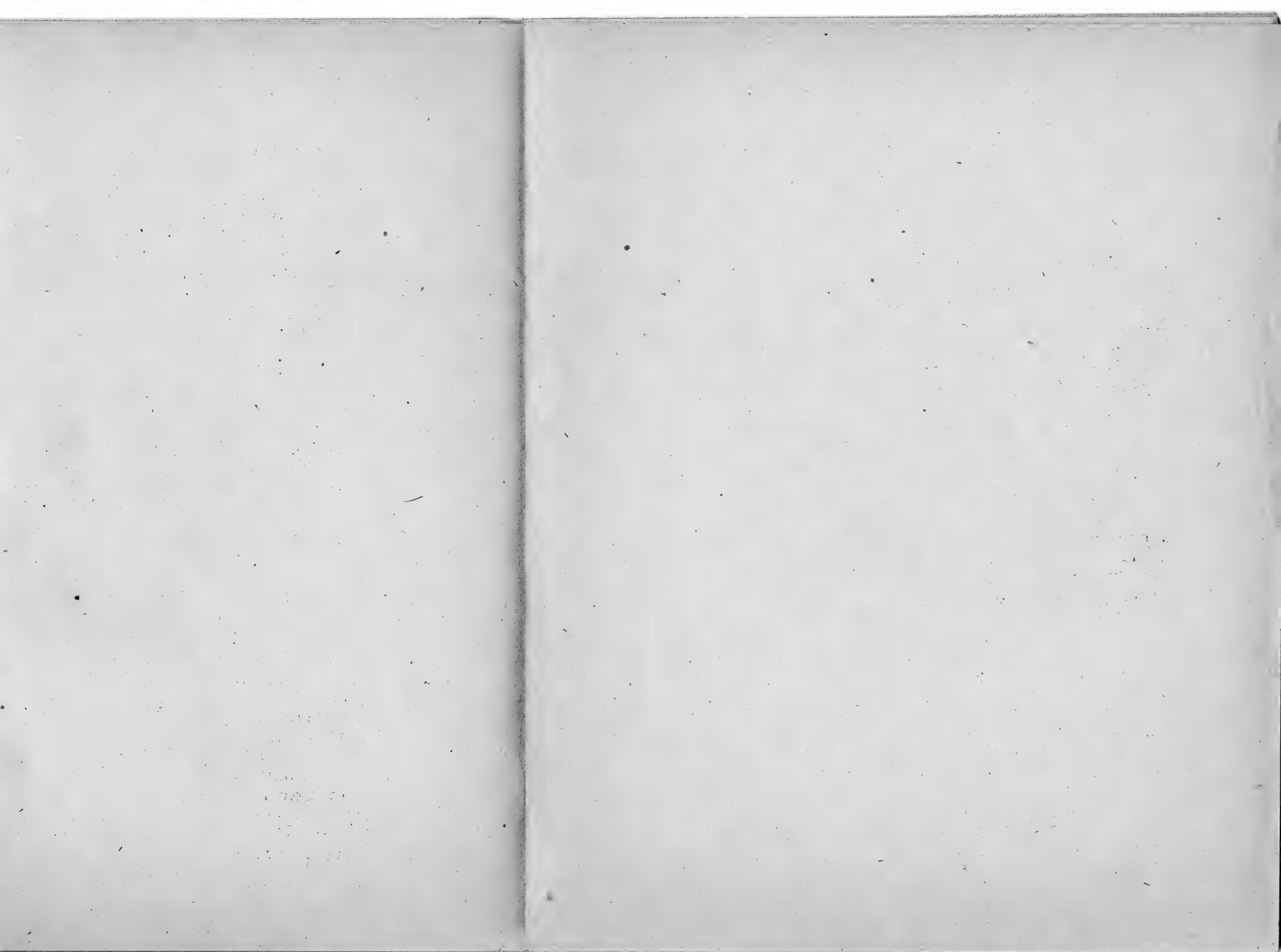
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I'd give up a palace
It's my everything
There's a queen waiting there
With silvery hair
In a shanty in old shanty town.





SEOUL CITY SUE

I drove a herd of oxen down
Till I reached old Bon Chong way,
And there I met a Gook girl
Who said she'd like to play.
Her clothes were of a dirty blue
Her hands and feet were too
I asked her what her name was
She said, "Seoul City Sue."

(CHORUS) Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,
Your hair is black, your eyes are too
I'd swap my honey cart for you
Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue
No one smells of Kimchio
Like my sweet Seoul City Sue

Oh, Korea, I must admit
I owe a lot to you
I came here from America
To find Seoul City Sue
Someday I'll take her back with me
And buy her perfumes too
So people can't be singing
"Here comes Seoul City Sue."

THE SILVER DOLLAR

Now you can roll a silver dollar on the ground
And it'll roll because it's round
A woman never knows what a good man she's got
Until she turns him down.
Now, my honey, won't you listen to me
I want you to understand
Just as a silver dollar goes from hand to hand,
A woman goes from man to man
A woman goes from man to man.

IT WAS ROUGH IN OLD MANILA

It was rough in old Manila
It was rough in Tokyo
But this Hell in the Marianias
Is the roughest place I know
You can go to Agana Air Strip
Any hour of any day
You can watch the Navy Aircraft
As they crash in Tumon Bay
You can take these Coral Beaches
You can take this withered grass
You can take these MARIANIAS
And to that I'll raise my GLASS

NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in
in hell,
The place is full of queers, engineers &
bombardiers, but there are no fight
pilots down in hell.

CITY SUE

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in hell,
The place is full of queers, engineers and
bombardiers, but there are no fighter
pilots down in hell.

A VERY FINE AIRCRAFT

Oh, the Fortress is a very fine aircraft
Constructed of rivets and tin
It cruises well over one fifty.
The ship with the headwing built in.

CHORUS: Oh, why did I join the Air Force;
Mother, dear mother knew best.
Here I lie 'neath the wreckage
A Fortress all over my chest

Now when you are out on a mission,
A MIG 15 makes a fine pass;
Reach down, pull up the the handles.
The hell with the ship, save your ass.

REPEAT CHORUS:

Now when you are out on a mission,
You will be happy to learn,
The crew chief is betting good money
Ten to one you will never return.

REPEAT CHORUS:

Oh the Mitchell's a very fine airplane.
Constructed of paper and wood,
It's alright for ferrying whiskey,
But for combat it's no goddam good.

REPEAT CHORUS:

Oh my 84 jet is a vey fine aircraft,
A stratosphere bath tub no less,
They never hit the target
But for ten miles around what a mess.

REPEAT CHORUS:

The Superforts a very fine aircraft,
They call it the Queen of the pack
ADFC for each mission
And a cluster for those who get back.

REPEAT CHORUS:

O h the Invader's a very fine aircraft,
Gadets upon it galore,
You just barely got the bitch airborne.
And you're called back to pick up two more.

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You just barely got the hitch airborne.
And you're called back to pick up two more.

PADDY MURPHY

The night that Paddy Murphy died
I never will forget
The Irish all got drunk that night
And some aren't sober yet
The awful think they did that night
That filled my heart with fear
They took the ice right off the corpse
And put it in the bear.
That's how we showed our respect
When Paddy Murphy died.
That's how we showed our loyalty and pride
That's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy.
Respect for Paddy Murphy
On the night that Paddy died.

SHE'S MORE TO BE PITIED

She's more to be pitied than censured
She's more to be helped than despised.
She's only a lassie who ventured
Down life's stormy path ill-advised.
Do not scorn her with words fierce and bitter
Do not laugh at her shame and downfall.
For a moment just stop and consider
A flyboy was the cause of it all.

WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER

When your leaves have turned to silver
Will you love us just the same?
Oh, we'll always call you (any old dirty major)
Isn't that a bloody shame?
To the days at dear old Guam
Only now we have to wail.
When your leaves have turned to silver

HE GRASPED ME BY MY SLENDER NECK

He grasped me by my slender neck
I could not yell or scream
He took me to his dingy room
Where he could not be seen
He tore off all my flimsy wraps
And gazed upon my form
I was so very cold and damp
And he so hot and warm
He pressed me to his eager lips
I could not make him stop
He drained me of my very life
To my very last drop
He made me what I am today
That's why you see me here
A broken bottle thrown away
That once was full of beer.

TWAS A COLD WINTER EVENING

Twas a cold winter evening, the gang was all lean
O'Reilly was closing the bar.
When he turned and said to the lady in red,
"Get out, you can't stay where you are".
Ohh, she shed a big tear in her bucket of beer,
And thought of the cold night ahead.
When a gentleman dapper, stepped out of the phon
And here are the words that he said:
"Her mother never told her the thing a young gir
About the ways of Air Force men and how they com
She's lost her youth and beauth and life has dea
GAD WHAT A GASH !!!!!

So remember you mothers and sisters boys.....
And let her sleep under the bar.

MURPHY

Paddy Murphy died
forget
got drunk that night
t sober yet
k they did that night
heart with fear
ice right off the corpse
the bear.
showed our respect
phy died.
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addy Murphy
that Paddy died.

TO BE PITIED

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the cause of it all.

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To my very last drop
He made me what I am today
That's why you see me here
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That once was full of beer.

TWAS A COLD WINTER EVENING

Twass a cold winter evening, the gang was all leaving,
O'Reilly was closing the bar.
When he turned and said to the lady in red,
"Get out, you can't stay where you are".
Ohh, she shed a big tear in her bucket of beer,
And thought of the cold night ahead.
When a gentleman dapper, stepped out of the phone booth,
And here are the words that he said:
"Her mother never told her the thing a young girl should know
About the ways of Air Force men and how they come and go
She's lost her youth and beauty and life has dealt her a blow
GAD WHAT A GASH !!!!!
So remember you mothers and sisters boys.....
And let her sleep under the bar.

THE SHIEK OF ARABY

I'm the shiek of Araby.
Your heart belongs to me
At night when you're asleep
Into your tent I'll creep
The stars that shine above
Will light our way to love
Oh, rule this land with me
I'm the shiek of Araby.

MINNIE THE MERMAID

Many's the night I spent with Minnie the Mermaid
Down at the bottom of the seas.
Down among the corals where she lost her morals
Gee, but she was good to me.
Many's the night in the pale moonlight
Minnie made love to me.
Now ashes to ashes and dust to dust
Two twin beds, and just one of them mussed.
Now you can easily see, she's not my mother
Because my mother is forty-nine.
and you can easily see she's not my sister
'Cause I'd never show my sister such a hellava good time
And you can easily see she's not my sweetie
'Cause my sweetie's too refined.
She's just a slip of a kid who didn't know what she did
She's just a personal friend of mine.

OLD PUSAN U.

We were roaming around the countryside,
Twas down near Pusan Bay
We stopped into a local bar
To pass the time away,
I met a girl who said, "Howdedo?"
She hailed from old Chinju
I asked her what her school was,
She said "Old Pusan U".

CHORUS: O Pusan U, O Pusan U
The University that's grand
O Pusan U, O Pusan U
I hail my alma mater
O Pusan U.

I enrolled in that great college,
Founded by Kim Pak Su
"Twas built of honeybuckets,
So they named it Pusan U
The smell it was terrific
But I struggled through
So now I left this glass
To the school of Pusan U.

REPEAT CHORUS:

I saw a girl most beautiful,
She was a sight to view,
She won a beauty contest,
And was crowned Miss Pusan U.
They spotted her in Hollywood
Now she's a star there too.
When asked to what she owes her fame,
She says: "O Pusan U."

OF ARABY

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ONLY AN OLD BEER BOTTLE

T'was only an old beer bottle, floating
T'was only an old beer bottle, a thousand

A note was in the bottle, with these words
Whoever find this bottle, finds the body

TITANIC

Oh, they built the ship Titanic
And then they had it through
They thought they had a ship
That the water would never come through
But the Good Lord raised his hand,
Said that ship would never land
It was sad when that great ship went

(CH) It was sad, it was sad
It was sad when that great ship
Oh, husbands and wives little
It was sad when that great ship

They were off for Enga Land
And were headed for the shore
And the rich refused to associate with
So they put them down below
And they were the first to go
It was sad when that great ship went

(CH)
Oh, they put the life boats out
In the raging burning sea
And the band struck up with, N'er my
Oh, the Captain tried to wire
But the wire was on fire
It was sad when that great ship went

(CHORUS)

ONLY AN OLD BEER BOTTLE

T'was only an old beer bottle, floating on the foam
T'was only an old beer bottle, a thousand miles from home

A note was in the bottle, with these words written on
Whoever find this bottle, finds the beer all gone

TITANIC

Oh, they built the ship Titanic
And then they had it through
They thought they had a ship
That the water would never come through
But the Good Lord raised his hand,
Said that ship would never land
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(CH) It was sad, it was sad

It was sad when that great ship went down, Hit the bot
Oh, husbands and wives littly bitty children lost their
It was sad when that great ship went down.

They were off for Enga Land
And were headed for the shore
And the rich refused to associate with the poor
So they put them down below
And they were the first to go
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(CH)

Oh, they put the life boats out
In the raging burning sea
And the band struck up with, N'er my God to Thee"
Oh, the Captain tried to wire
But the wire was on fire
It was sad when that great ship went down

(CHORUS)

THE PERSIAN KITTY

The persian Kitty, perfumed and fair
Went out to the kitchen just to get some air
When a Tom Cat lithe, lean and long
Dirty and yellow, came along
Now he sniffed that perfumed persian Cat
As she walked around with much class
Thinking of a bit of time to pass
He whispered, "Kitty you sure got class."

And fitting and proper was her reply
As she arched a whisker up over her eye
"Beribboned I sleep on pillows of silk
Daily, I'm fed on certified milk
I should be happy with what I've got
I should be happy, but I'm not
I should be happy, I should indeed
Just cause I'm highly pedigreed."

Cheer up, said the Tom Cat with a smile
And trust you new found friend for a while
You need not escape from your backyard fence
Kitty, all you need is experience.

No the joys of life he did unfurl
As he told her the tales of the outside world
Suggesting at last with a lurid laugh
A trip for two down a primrose path.

Now the morning after the night before
When the Kitty came home at the hour of four
The innocent look from her eyes had went
The smile on her face was a smile of content
In later months when the neighbors came
Just to see the Persian kittens of the pedigreed fame
They weren't persian, they were black and tan
And she told them that their daddy was a traveling man
A traveling man, a traveling man, a ratchine.

THE SOUSE FAMILY

The Souse family is the best family
That ever came over from old Germany
There were Lowland Dutch
And Highland Dutch
And Rotterdam Dutch
And Goddamn Dutch

Glorious, Glorious, one keg of beer
For the four of us
Thanks be to God that there are
No more of us
For one of us could drink it all alone

OH THE DEACON WENT DOWN

Oh, the deacon went down, To the cellar
And he got drunk, And he stayed all day
You'll never get to heaven in a rocking
Cause the Lord don't allow no lazy bon

Oh, the Deacon went down, To the cellar
And he got drunk and stayed all day
You'll never get to heavy in a rocking
Cause the Lord don't allow no lazy bon

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OH THE DEACON WENT DOWN

Oh, the deacon went down, To the cellar to pray
And he got drunk, And he stayed all day
You'll never get to heaven in a rocking chair
Cause the Lord don't allow no lazy bones there.

Oh, the Deacon went down, To the cellar to pray
And he got drunk and stayed all day
You'll never get to heavy in a rocking chair
Cause the Lord don't allow no lazy bones there.

BLOOD ON YOUR TUNIC

There was a young pilot into Sidney did stroll
He was just back from a raid on Rabaul
When an old M. P. sergeant said, "Pardon me please
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knee, uh huh
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knee."

Now listen here sergeant, you bloody damn fool
I've just come back from a raid on Rabaul
Where ack-ack was flying and comforts were few
And brave men were dying for Bastards like you, uh huh
And brave men were dying for Bastards like you.

The old M. P. sergeant said, Pardon me Sir
On you Lieutenant I intended no slur
But the girls here in Sidney are hard to please
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knee, uh huh
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knee.

Now listen here Sergeant, you bloody damn fool
The girls here all know I'm just back from Rabaul
They'll love you and kiss you for they often see
Blood on a man's tunic and mud on his knee, uh huh
Blood on a man's tunic and mud on his knee.

Now this young pilot picked up a girl
He wine'd her and dine'd her and gave her a whirl
Then out to his flat where he told her his woes
She felt so sorry she took off her clothes, uh huh
She felt so sorry she took off her clothes.

Now this young pilot writes this advice
Rabaul it was rough, but Sidney was nice
With women understanding, and easy to please
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knee, uh huh
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knee.

NEW SAN ANTONIO ROSE

Deep within my heart lies a melody
A song of old San Antonio
Where in dreams I live in my memories
And Rose, my Rose of San Antonio
It was there I found, beside the Alamo
Enchantment strange as the blue up above
A moonlit path that only she would know
Still hears my broken song of love.

Moon in all your splendor
Knows only my heart
Call back my Rose, Rose of San Antonio
Lips so sweet and tender
Like petals fallen apart
Speak once again of my love, my own
Broken song, empty words I know
Still live in my heart all alone
For that moonlit path by the Alamo
And Rose, my Rose of San Antonio

CALL OUT THE RESERVES (MY BONNY)

In peacetime the Regulars are happy
In peacetime they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
And they call out all the reserves

(CHORUS) Call out, call out, call out
the goddamn reserves, reserves

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That it was rough, but Sidney was nice
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But let them get into a fracas
And they call out all the reserves

(CHORUS) Call out, call out, call out
The goddamn reserves, reserves.

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

Once I was a barmaid, down in Dreary Lane
My master treated me kindly, my mistress did the same
Then along came a sailor from out across the sea
And he was the cause of all my misery

CHORUS: Singing Bell Bottom Trousers, Coats of Navy Blue
Climbing in the rigging, like his daddy used to do.

He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed
He asked me for a pillow to rest his weary head
And I like an innocent maid, thinking it no harm
Climbed into bed just to keep this sailor warm

(CHORUS)

He left me in the morning to sail across the sea
He left me with a five pound note, and this he said to me
Now if it's a girl, you can bounce her on your knee
Now if it's a boy, send the bastard out to sea

(CHORUS)

Now gather round you maidens and listen close to me
Never trust a sailor an inch above your knee
'Cause if you do, you can take it straight from me
You'll add another member to the damn Navy.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been working on the railroad
All the live long day
I've been working on the railroad
Just to pass the time away
Can't you hear the whistle blowing
Rise up so early in the morn
Can't you hear the Captain shouting
Dinah blow your horn.

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Someone's in the kitchen I know -o -o
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Strummin' on the old banjo
They're singing fe-fi-fiddleie-i-oh
fe-fi-fiddleio-i-o-o-o-oh
fe-fi-fiddleie-i-oh
Strummin' on the old banjo

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AIR FORCE LAMENT

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by
The Air Force's gone to hell.

Chorus: Glory, Glory Regulations
Glory, Glory Regulations
Have them read at every station
And hang the man who breaks one

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion sent to fight the deadly wrong
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song
The Air Force's gone to hell.
I have seen them in their T-bolts when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame
Their spirits shot to hell.

Chorus:
They flew B-26's through a living hell of flak
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack
Their technique's gone to hell.
Yes, the lordly flying fortress and the liberator too
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew
And we cannot fly for hell.

Chorus:
You have heard your pounding 50's blaze from wing of polished steel
The purring of your 51 was a song your heart could feel
But now the T-6 charms you with its moaning groanin' squeal
And it will not climb for hell.
Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The Air Force's gone to hell.

Chorus:

AIR FORCE LAMENT

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laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly
arts are grounded and those days are long gone by
gone to hell.

Glory Regulations

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sely supervised for fear we may do wrong

one to hell.

LILLI MARLENE

Underneath the lamp post by the barrack gate
 Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait
 She waits for the boy who marched away
 An though he's gone she hears him say
 Oh, promise you'll be true
 Fare thee well Lilli Marlene

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate
 Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait
 For this is the place a vow was made
 And breezes sing her serenade
 Oh, promise you'll be true
 Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene

Underneath the lamp post by the barrack gate
 Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait
 An there in the lamp light it is said
 A halo shines above her head
 Oh, promise you'll be true
 Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene
 Till I return to you
 Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene

Underneath the lamp post by the barrack gate
 Standign all alone, every night you'll see her wait
 And as they go marching to the fray
 The soldiers all salute and say
 We'll tell him you've been true
 Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene
 Till I return to you
 Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene

RUGGED BUT RIGHT

I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but
 A thief and a gambler and I'm drunk every nite
 I eat porter house steak three times a day for
 More than any ordinary gal can afford
 I got a big electric fan to keep me cool when I
 A big handsome man to play around at my feet
 I'm just a ramblin woman, a gamblin woman, drunk
 I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but
 I've got hips that sunk the ships of England, France
 And if you're like Napolion, Boys its your Water
 I'll take fifteen minutes intermission in your
 I'd like to make it longer but I've got a late
 I'm just a ramblin gal, a gamblin gal, I'm drunk

up post by the barrack gate
, every night you'll see her wait
boy who marched away
e she hears him say
be true
lli Marlene

up post by the barracks gate
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More than any ordinary gal can afford
I got a big electric fan to keep me cool when I sleep
A big handsome man to play around at my feet
I'm just a ramblin woman, a gamblin woman, drunk every nite
I just called up to ell you that I'm rugged but right
I've got hips that sunk the ships of England, France and Peru
And if you're like Napolion, Boys its your Waterloo
I'll take fifteen minutes intermission in your V-8
I'd like to make it longer but I've got a late date
I'm just a ramblin gal, a gamblin gal, I'm drunk every nite.

STRIP ALERT

Up before morning, Out on the line
Waiting for Mig's on their way
While that lucky old man
Got nothing to do but lay in his sack until day

Now comes the dawn, darkness is thru
God only knows whats ahead
While that lucky old man
Got nothing to do but sleppily get out of bed

All day long we wait for a scramble
Get them in the skies
Some goof off while others gamble
Break out that pair of dice

Old sol gives up, we're still here
This alert leaves us no time for sin
While that lucky old man got nothing to do
But sit at the bar and drink gin

Up in the morning-down on the line
Into the murk and the fog
Shile that lucky C.O. has nothing to do
But sit around didling the dog.

RIP ALERT

orning, Out on the line

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